

Following a Feathered Friend

Story Trail 2015

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The leaves were falling, the sun was setting and the little girl was swinging.

HOO, HOO.

The little girl stopped the swing. The night was not far and the crickets began to sing

She hopped off and curiously followed the sound. Pitter, patter went her feet as they hit the ground.

The little girl wandered into the woods. The sun cast shadows of gold and red, that gleamed and gleamed around her head.

HOO, HOO.

“What is that sound?”

The little girl gazed at the tall,
towering tree, as the light began
to show through the leaves.

The spicy smell of pinecones filled the air and at her feet a feather rested there.

The little girl felt a cool breeze
brush across her face. She took
a breath, looked ahead and
began to race

Crunch, crunch went the leaves as they broke beneath her feet, in search of the critter she hoped to meet.

HOO, HOO.

“What is that sound?”

She stopped, her body frozen,
unsure of the path she'd chosen.

The sun had set and it was
dark, she was all alone in
Friendship Park

HOO, HOO.

“What is that sound?”

The little girl caught a glimpse
of a figure in the great oak
tree. What could it be?

“My Child, wait!” She heard her father yell. His voice rang out like a big brass bell.

HOO, HOO.

“What is that sound up in the trees?”

“That’s the beautiful Barred Owl and I hope it stays around!”

Barred Owl facts provided by
ODNR or Glen Helen Nature
Preserve.